CHAPTER VII.

If he might not return to Beaulieu within the year, and if his brother's dogs were to be set upon him if he showed face upon Minstead land, then indeed was Alleyne adrift upon earth. North, south, east and west—he might turn where he would, but all was equality chill and cheerless. The Auberthad rolled ten silver crowns in a lettuce-leaf and hid them away in the bot-

turn where he would, but all was equally chill and cheerless. The Athat had rolled ten silver crowns in a lettuce-leaf and hid them away in the bottom of his serip, but that would be a sorry support for twelve long months. In all the darkness there was but the one bright spot of the stordy comrades whom he had left that evening: if ne could find them again all would be well. He pushed on, therefore, now walking and now running.

The forest began to shred out into scattered leits of trees, with gleam of the way-side stood little knots of wattle-and-daub huts, with shock-haired laborers lounging by the doors and red-cheeked children sprawling in the roadway.

By these Alleyne knew that he was on the very fringe of the forest, and therefore no great way from Christ-church. Right glad later, was the travelier to see the high tower of Christ-church Priory gleaming in the mellow evening light, and gladder still when, rounding a corner, he came upon his comrades of the morning seated astraddle upon a fallen tree. They had a dat space before them, on which they arternately threw little square pieces of bone, and were so intent upon their origination that they never raised eye as he approached them. He observed with astonishment as he drew near, that the archer's sword by John's side, and the steel cap laid upon the tree-trunk between them.

"Mort de ma vie!" Aylward shouted, looking down at the dice. "Never had I such cursed luck. A murrain on the thristeburch in my shirt." Then suddenly glancing up, 'Hola, by the splendor of heaven, here is our cher petit. Now, by my ten finger-bones' this is a rare sight to mine eyes" He sprang up and threw his arms round Alleyne's neck while John, no less pleased, but more backward and Saxon in his habits, atood grinning and bobbing by the wayside, with his newly-won steel cap stuck wrong-side foremost upon his tangle of red hair.

"Hast come to stop!" cried the bow-

stuck wrong-side foremest upon his tangle of red hair. "Hast come to stop?" cried the bow-

rian, patting Alleyne all over in his de-light. "Shall not get over in his de-Shall not get away from us "I wish no better." said he, with a ingling in the eyes at this nearty

"Well said, lad." cried big John. "We three shall to the wars together, and the devil may fly away with the Abbot of Beaulieu! But your feet and hosen are all besmudged. Hast been in the water?" I have in good sooth." Alleyne was-

water?"
"I have in good sooth," Alleyne answered, and then, as they journeyed on their way, he told them the many things that had befallen him "But you," said Alleyne, "there have been changes with you also. Where are bow and sword and cap—and why warlike, John?"
"It is a game which friend Aximon."

"It is a game which friend Aylward ath been a-teaching of me."
And I found him un over-apt pupil. irripped me. But, by my hill: you must render them back to me. camande, lest you bring discredit upon my mission, and I will pay you for them

"Take them back, man, and never heed the pay," said John. "I did but wish to learn the feel of them, since I am like to have such trinkets hung to my own girdle for some years to

"Ma fot, he was born a free com-panion" cried Aylward. "He bath the very trick of speech and turn of thought. I take them back then, and thought. I take them back then, and indeed it gives me unease not to feet my yew-stave tapping against my leg. It chanced on that very evening that Sir Nigel Loring, having supped before sunset, as was his custom, had taken his dogs for an evening breather. Two russet-ciad varlets, with loud halloo and cracking whips, walked thigh-deep amid the swarm, guiding, controlling, and urging. Behind came Sir Nigel himself, with Lady Loring upon his arm, the pair walking slowly and sedutely, as belitted both their age and their condition. They paused at the bridge.

reared up, with eyes ablaze with fear and hate, and whirled its great paws above the knight to smite him to the earth. He, however, blinking with puckered eyes, reached up his kerchief, and flicked the beast twice across the snout with it. "Ah, saucy! saucy" quoth he, uncertain and puzzled, dropped its tore legs to earth again, and waddling back, was soon swathed in ropes by the bear, ward at d a crowd of peasants who had been in close pursuit. As they passed through the castle gate, John plucked at Aylward's sieve, and the two fell behind.

Toud! I shall drive him into the earth like a nail into a door, rather than see you do seath to each other."

"Fore God, this is a strange way of preaching peace," cried Black Simon. "You may find the seath yourself, my lusty friend, if you raise your great cudgel to me. I had as lief have the castle drawbridge drop upon my pate.

"Tell me, Aylward," said Alleyne earnessly, with hands outstretched to keep the pair assunder, "what is the castle gate, John plucked at Aylward's sieve, and the two fell behind.

"I must crave your pardon, comrade, said he biuntly. "I was a fool not to know that a little receiver may be the gamest. I believe that this man is indeed a leader whom we may follow. CHAPTER VIII.

Opyrighted 1894 By Happer & Brothers.

Sequence of procedure adapters and of the humiliness.

Sequence of the control of the sequence of the control of the Black was the mouth of Twynham 'astle, though a pair of torches, burning at the further end of the gateway, ast a red glare over the outer bailey.

whether honorante be arrived at?"

The bowman looked down at his feet and then up at the moon. "Parbleau." he cried, "the cause of quarrel? Why, mon petit, it was years ago in Limousin, and how can I bear in mind what was the cause of it? Simon there both it at the end of his tongue."

"Not I, in troth," replied the other." Thave had other things to think of. There was some sort of bickering over dice, or wine, or was it a woman, coz?" "Pasques Dieu! but you have nicked it," cried Aylward. "It was indeed about a woman; and the quarrel must go forward, for I am still of the same mind as before."

"What I did." said Alleyne, "was too small a thing for thanks; and yet, if I may say it without offence, it was too grave and near a matter for mirth and ratilery. I had counted on my brotheral look but God' has willed that it should be otherwise. It is a joy to me to see you again, lady, and to know that you have reached home in safety, if this be indeed your home."

"Yes, in sooth, Castle Twynham is my home, and Sir Nigel Loring my father. I should have told you so this morning, but you said that you were coming hither, so I bethought me that I might hold it back as a surprige to you." She cried, bursting out a laughting once more, standing with her hand pressed to her side, and her half-closed to her side to her side, and her half-closed to her side.

to be completely oblivious of where he

was and why he had come there.
He was brought back to himself, however, by a sudden little ripple of quick feminine laughter. Aghast, he dropped the manuscript among the chessmen and stared in bewilderment round the room. It was as empty and as still as ever. Again he stretched his hand out to the romance, and again came that requish burst of merriment. came that roguish burst of merriment. He looked up at the ceiling, back at the closed door, and round at the stiff folds of motionless tapestry. Of a sudden, however, he caught a quick shimmer from the corner of a high-backed bancal in front of him, and, shifting a pace of two to the side, saw a white, clender hand, which held a mirror of polished silver in such a way that the concealed observer could see without being seen. He stood irresolute, uncertain whether to advance or to take no notice; but, even as he hesitated no notice; but, even as he hesitated the mirror was whipped in, and a tall and stately young lady swept out from behind the caken screen, with a dancing light of mischief in her eyes Alleyne started with astonishment as Alleyne started with astonishment ar he recognized the very mailen who had suffered from his brother's violence in the forest. She no longer wore her gay riding-dress, however but was attired in a long sweeping robe of black veivet of Bruges, with delicate tracery of white lace at neck and at wrist, scarce to be seen against the lovey skin. Beautiful as she had the ivory skin. Beautiful as she had seemed to him before, the lithe charm of her figure and the proud, free grace

ing once more, standing with her hand pressed to her side, and her half-closed eyes twinkling with ansusement. "You drew back and came forward with your eyes upon my book there, like the mouse who sniffs the cheese and yet dreads the trap."

"I take shame," said Alleyne, "that I should have touched it."

"Nay, it warmed my very heart to see it. So giad was I that I laughed for very pleasure. My fine preacher can himself be tempted then, thought I; he is not made of another classes.

can himself be tempted then, thought I; he is not made of another class to the rest of us."

"God help me! I am the weakest of the weak," groaned Alleyne. "I pray that I may have more strength!"

"And to what end?" she asked sharply. "If you are, as I understand, to shut yourself forever in your cell within the four walls of an abbey, then of what use would it be were your prayer to be answered? Wilt do what I ask? said she. to be answered? Will said she. "What is it, lady?"

"What is it, lady?"
"Is but to bear me out in what I say to my father."
"In what?"
"In saying, if he ask, that it was south of the Christchurch road that I met you. I shall be shut up with the tire-women else, and have a week of spindle and bodkin, when I would fain be gathering. Treathering to Wilson's

spindle and bodkin, when I would fain be gailoping Troubadour up Wilverley Walk, or leosing my little falcon Roland at the Vinney Ridge herons."
"I shall not answer him if he ask."
"Not answer! But he will have an answer. Nay, but you must not fail me, or it will go ift with me."
"But, lady." cried poor Alleyne, in creat distress, "how can I say that its was to the south of the road when I know well that it was four miles to the north?" the north?

the north?"
"You will not say it?"
"Surely you will not, too, when you know that it is not so?"
"Oh, I weary of your preaching!" she cried, and swept away with a toss of her beautiful heas, teaving Alleyne as east down and ashamed as though he had himself proposed some infamous thing. She was lack again in an instant, however, in another of her varying moods.

ous thing. She was back again in an instant, however, in another of her varying moods.

"Look at that, my friend" said she. "If you had been shut up in abbey or in cell this day you could not have taught a wayward maiden to abide by the truth. Is it not so? What avail is the shepherd if he leaves his sheep?" "A sorry shepherd" said Allyene humbly. "But here is your noble father."

"And you shall see how worthy a pupil I am. Father, I am much beholden to this young clerk, who was of service to me and helped me this year morning in Minstead Woods, four miles to the north of the Christchurch road, where I had no call to be, you having ordered it otherwise." All this she received off in a loud voice, and then clanced with sideling questioning eyes at Allevne for his approval.

(To be Contisued Next Week.) (To be Continued Nest Week.)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

The section of the story are laid in the table century, floredle John, a lay-briefler of the Caterenia Retacted, tables of floredless from the mean-tary a fer being found guidty of certain aericonclutings because a few parts of the meaning of the meaning. country account him by a rundler of the months be extended as a marker of the lay heathway of the instancery. Alwayse fivine on raise, his departure in coordinates with a provision of his furface's with a provision of his furface calling. In subtress he wanders from a member by to wint his brother, the Securing on a member by to wint his brother, the Securing a member has been a provided by the second of his furface, and the subtress of the second of his furface, and the subtress of the second of his furface, and the subtress of his provided his provided his high provided his heather has been been contained by the second of his furface, as suggested in a wavefiling host with the boundary, as suggested his brother in Nitrotherd woods surveing with a beautiful damaed, whom he reaches the first alter of his intention to jub his eventuation of the lim who are to first under Sir Nagel the White Comments, the hearing this she hangingly heaves bein without telling her manne.



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